THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY;

OR,

A WARNING to All Perjured LOVERS.

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THE *Yorkſhire* Tragedy.

PArents you that have Children pray,
Unto theſe Lines attention give;
And unto God for Mercy crave,
To be your Guide while you live.

For in Yorkſhire I do declare,
There is a Town call'd Thurſk by name;
Near to the City of York ſo fair,
Went thence a Gentleman of Fame.

For to enjoy a fair Eſtate,
Of ſixteen Hundred Pounds a Year;
And with him went his Virtuous Wife,
Two Sons, likewiſe two Daughters fair.

When he had full Poſſeſſion took,
He was unto the Poor moſt kind;
For he to Charity indeed,
And ſerving God was much inclin'd.

Yet 'twas his moſt unhappy Fate,
His youngeſt Child to doat upon;
And alſo did his Wife indeed,
And that their Ruin it begun.

This youngeſt Daughter whom we hear,
Had many Suitors far and near;
But none could then obtain her Love,
And yet for truth I ſhall declare.

But then at laſt a Grocer's Son,
A Coutting to this Maiden went;
Who in ſhort time for truth we hear,
Brought this young Maiden to conſent

For to be his lawful Bride,
If that her Parents would agree;
Or elſe my Love I ne'er muſt yield,
Indeed my Dear your Bride to be.

With that he to her Parents went,
To aſk of them their free good Will;
Which they poor Souls did ſoon conſent,
So now obſerve what them befel.

For when he'd gain'd her friends conſent,
He then moſt Treacherous did prove;
But pray obſerve and all beware.
You ne'er prove Treacherous in Love.

He to this Maiden went we hear,
A Viſit unto her to Pay;
But with a falſe and Treacherous heart,
He to this Maiden fair did ſay.

I'd have you now forthwith to go,
And get your father to agree;
To Settle on me his Eſtate,
Or elſe my Bride you ne'er ſhall be.

At this ſhe burſt forth into Tears,
Saying, can you ſo cruel be;
For unto that I can't preſume,
Then fare thee well, replied he.

When he had left her all in Woe,
She yielded to the Devil's Will;
Who did put her in a Way
These cruel Murders to fulfil.

She strait some Miles from York did go,
And there she bought some Poyson strong;
So then poor Wretch without delay,
She home again did soon return.

Her father, when she did return,
Said, Child your tender Mother dear;
Unto a Christ'ning she is gone,
So Parents all take warning here.

Her father for her safe return,
A Bowl of Punch prepared had;
And she help'd to make it herself,
So mix'd the Poyson in with speed.

Then strait she framed herself Sick,
Saying, to Bed, I now must go;
This was because she would not drink,
To work her own great overthrow.

Her father and her Brothers dear,
They all around the Bowl was set;
And then began to drink the same,
Not thinking Poyson was in it.

And when the Bowl of Punch was out,
Her Mother she returned home?
Whose Husband said, my loving wife,
Your Daughter Ruth is safe return'd.

At this her Mother did rejoice,
Saying, this News I'm glad to hear;
But oh! poor Souls they little thought,
Their latter End it was so near.

For when to Bed they all did go,
But oh! next Morning as 'tis ſaid;
Her father, Brothers, and Siſters dear,
Were all found Dead within their Beds.

Next Morning the old Lady found,
Her Huſband Dead within the Bed;
So ſhe called for her Daughter dear,
For to come up to her with ſpeed.

But ſhe not coming ſhe ſtrait went,
Unto her Cruel Daughter dear;
That had this ſad deſtruction wrought,
So Parents all I pray draw near.

Said ſhe my Child I pray get up,
For your dear father he is Dead;
She ſeem'd amaz'd, and ſtraitway cry'd,
Oh! then I'm ruined ſhe cry'd.

Indeed no friend I have ſhe ſaid,
But you my tender mother dear.
So then to tell her Brothers they
Unto the Chamber did repair.

Where in their Beds they there did lie,
In death's cold Arms as doth appear;
For now begins the bloodieſt Part,
Of Tragedy you e'er did hear.

The noiſe was quickly about ſpread,
That many went the ſame to ſee;
Amongſt which, for a truth 'tis ſaid,
One Clerk, a noted Surgeon he.

Who ſaid, they Poyſon'd be indeed,
With that the Daughter did declare;
My mother ſhe hath done this thing,
As I will quickly make appear.

I ſaw my Mother mix ſome Stuff,
Into a Bowl of Punch indeed;
Then underneath the Table ſhe,
The Paper ſhe did fling with ſpeed.

Then burnt the Paper inſtantly.
Which made the Doctor for to ſay;
Madam you have ſome Murder done,
So to a Juſtice went ſtraitway.

And altho' ſhe was innocent,
She ſtrait to Priſon was convey'd;
Where ſhe Poor Soul in Grief indeed,
Untill the next Aſſizes laid.

And then the morning being come,
She at the Bar did ſtrait appear;
Where then her Cruel Daughter ſhe,
Swore falſe againſt her mother dear.

Her Sentence was for to be burnt,
And then ſhe back to Priſon went;
Where ſhe poor Soul did weep and mourn,
Being overpreſt with diſcontent.

So the next Morning being come,
Unto the Stake ſhe was convey'd;
And being Chain'd unto the ſame,
Poor Soul, ſhe to the People ſaid.

I now muſt die a cruel Death,
As ever finful Soul did die;
So Lord, my Daughter pray forgive,
As Lord you know I'm not guilty.

The Pſalms and Prayers being done,
The Fire kindled was with ſpeed;
And as they pull'd the Stool away,
She then for Mercy call'd indeed.

The Daughter that this Thing had done,
She had a Letter wrote indeed;
And coming near the Fire ſhe,
Cry'd pray make room for me with ſpeed.

She gave it to the Miniſter,
Then to the People's great ſurprize;
She in the Flames did throw herſelf,
Indeed with diſmal ſhrieks and cries.

And yet before any of the Croud,
Had Power, Hands on her to lay;
She and her tender Mother Dear,
Was Burnt to death that very day.

So Lovers all a warning take,
Leaſt Satan does your ruin prove,
And Youths ſlight not your Parents dear,
For fear it proves your Deſtruction.

And Parents all I humbly Pray,
Prize not one Child above the reſt;
For often they do prove the worſt,
The which you prize and love the beſt.

The young Man he diſtracted run,
And threw himſelf into a Well;
Unto his Parents great Sorrow,
So Juſtice on his Head then fell.

The following Letter ſhe delivered to the Rev. Mr. Jones, *as he ſtood by the Fire.*

LET this be Publiſh'd as a warning to others, not to prove falſe in Love, for the ſake of Gold, which has been my Ruin, for one James Parker whom I priz'd above my Soul, to get my Father's Eſtate into my own Hands, that I might have him for my Husband. I Poyſon'd my Father, two Brothers and Siſter, and to ſave myſelf, I ſwore falſely againſt my aged Mother, and have taken away her Life wrongfully, a ſure way to the utter deſtruſtion of my Soul. And Sir, let this my deſire be fulfill'd, that all young People may ſhun the Snares of the Devil, who are drawing to the Paths of Deſtruction, this being the laſt deſire of a Miſerable Soul.

Rachael Glaſſock.

The Text of the Sermon, Preached by the Rev. Mr. Jones, from *Romans Chap. 7. ver. 9. For I was alive without the Law once, but when the Commandment came Sin reviv'd, and I Died.*

FINIS.